Volume LXXII CHICAGO, OCTOBER 23, 1913 Number 8

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

THE PRESENT NEED.

Ye strive for truth in dreams of ages fled:
'Why seek ye for the living 'mid the dead!'
What if the secret in that phrase should be—
Seek not for truth in old futility!
'Seek not the living where repose the dead'—
Seek not in crypts and catacombs for bread,
Seek not the dawn in darkened sunset sky,
Seek not for flame where only ashes lie.
The living dwell not where the dead repose:
Only the beetle to such feasting goes.
Rest not thine eye on graves, but rather scan
Some living world where waits some living man.
Grind not forever the Past's mouldy bones;
The Present offers hot electric stones
From out whose contact—if his aid man lend—
Burst rays of energy earth's woes to end.
Not by the starry reckonings of the Past
The course of current destiny is cast.
No act or thought of yesterday can say
To present need, 'I am the Truth, the way.'
Each sun that rises draws its heavenly rill,
And adds to human insight, wish, and will.
The truth comes nearest in each latest deed
Where earth is helped, or they are raised who bleed.
In the Present's need and beauty
Find the Present's truth and good;
Only in its present duty
Shall the Now be understood.

JAMES H. WEST.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXII THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1913. NUMBER 8

Our plummets are too short to fathom well
The deep things of existence. Unto pride
And unto bitterness it is denied
To know the sacred temples wherein dwell
The oracles and angels. We want first,
For the interpretation of the land,
Love, whereby Faith, the seer of Truth, is nursed;
And Sympathy, by which to understand
The faces of our fellows. What we need
Is dew on our dry natures—sustenance
For the starved spirit—not the outward greed.
We lean too much on palpable circumstance,
Too little on unpalpable souls, to attain
God's morrows for our yesterdays of pain.

—*Richard Realf.*

And now Iceland has been added to the woman suffrage column! After a while, Wisconsin, and then Massachusetts.

Miss Ellen Pooley, born in Norwich, England, came to America when she was three years old. She is now eighty and the other day took out her naturalization papers in order that she might be eligible as a voter. The right of suffrage is a responsibility and enforces duties.

Dean Sumner of Chicago, chairman of the Citizens' Vice Commission, has a right to speak concerning the vicious influences of a great city. SS. Peter and Paul Cathedral, of which he is dean, is situated at one of the grim vice centers in Chicago. In his utterances in New York the other day he spoke from experience when he spoke of society people in fashionable drawing-rooms trying to make respectable the dances they have borrowed from immoral sources. He said: "The police check these dances in the dance halls of the poor. What but a social generation can check them in the halls of the rich!

The real advance of a nation is not to be measured by any spectacular maneuverings of battleships, or campaigns of mock war with sham battles and costly devastation of farm fields and country roads, but by the obscure and oftentimes unappreciated advance of governments in the high work of the conservation of natural resources, the refertilization of the fields and the re-forestration of the waste lands. The governor of Iowa has recently set aside a "Fire Prevention Day," urging the citizens to discuss conditions and create sentiment against forest fires and other conflagrations. There seems a pathetic irony in the fact that Iowa, so meager in forests, should have to set the pace for states more richly endowed in trees, and consequently more persistently menaced by fire. But notwithstanding progressive Iowa, the rest of the United States is still left far behind. A forest ranger, under the United States government, is supposed to have oversight over one hundred thousand acres, while an administrator of the same rank in Germany has a field limited to seven hundred acres. In the republic of Colombia, lumbermen are required to replace every cedar and mahogany tree cut down by planting a young tree of the same species.

The annual report of the Chicago Peace Society for 1913 is printed in a handsome pamphlet of forty pages, with an attractive cover. In addition to the record of a busy year by the secretary, and much good work done, not only in Chicago but throughout the West, the pamphlet is made especially valuable by very attractive portraits of the great prophets and pioneers of the peace movement. Hugo Grotius, Father of international law, 1683-1645; Noah Worcester, author of "A Solmen Review of the Custom of War," 1758-1837; William Ladd, founder of the American Peace Society, 1828; Judge William Jay, president of the American Peace Society, 1848-1856; Senator T. E. Burton, president of the American Peace Society since February 27, 1911; Hon. Richard Bartholdt, the president of the Fourth American National Peace Congress, St. Louis, 1913. Send to the Chicago Peace Society, 30 North La Salle Street, Chicago, for a copy of this attractive pamphlet. Read and then pass it on to others who will keep it a-going. This would be cheap but effective missionary work in the interest of the most fundamental reform of the twentieth century,—the pacification of the world by the disarmament of the nations in the interest of the more effective methods of diplomacy.

The Pankhurst case, as might have been expected, assumed acute interest in the United States on her arrival. Our own position can be briefly stated. The position taken by UNITY at the beginning of the agitation is still held. Mrs. Pankhurst's method is bad; it is a menace to the foundation of the social order out of which all special "rights" spring, and we regret exceedingly that the women of America did not more promptly and with a greater unanimity put the seal of condemnation upon this anarchistic reversion to an appeal to brute force. But Mrs. Pankhurst and her

sisters have been the victims of an unscientific passion rather than "moral turpitude." They are fanatics and are entitled to the ameliorating judgment that belongs to the ethical distortion that is apt to go with fanaticism. She is the "Carrie Nation" of the woman's movement and is entitled to the patient and forgiving spirit to which Carrie Nation was entitled. Mrs. Nation's hatchet was bad. It was a vicious instrument. Her cause was good! The cause will remain but the hatchet will be first condemned, then forgotten. America can afford to be magnanimous in the presence of fanaticism, and Mrs. Pankhurst had better be allowed freedom to do what she may to justify unjustifiable conduct, than to waste a lot of high American enthusiasm in sympathy for a suppressed sister. Mrs. Pankhurst needs a bath of American tolerance, open mindedness and democratic patience more than another treatment of iron bars, either here in the United States or in England. It is quite evident in her case that the jail does her no good, and there is good stuff in Mrs. Pankhurst. She is worth saving!

Chicago mourns another veteran business man. Frank Basset Tobey came to Chicago in 1857 and has been intimately identified with the business fortunes of the city for over half a century. The great furniture house on the corner of Wabash and Randolph is a monument that the commercial world alone can appreciate and understand. But other men have built up great businesses in Chicago and established far reaching credits. In this respect he is one of many, but here is a man who through all these strenuous years of business has kept himself in line with high thinking, cherishing the ideals and dreams of his youth. He knew the exhilarations of the anti-slavery days; studied the transportation facilities of the underground railroad; walked as a boy from rural regions into Boston every Sunday for the sake of hearing Theodore Parker; caught glimpses of and trusted ever since, in the light that was "never on sea or land," that radiated from Theodore Parker's pulpit. In Chicago he stood with the Unitarians when they stood for the uttermost freedom and the outermost advance. When Salter came with his scholarly emphasis on ethics and enforced the same with his clean life and high devotion, F. B. Tobey took his place with him, and the ethical movement recognized him as a father. And now in his eightieth year he has gone to his rest. He was president-emeritus of the Tobey Furniture Company and of the Chicago Ethical Society, and we are sure that he would prefer to be remembered, and is most honored in the latter title. UNITY and the causes it stands for has lost a good friend; and the senior editor, a comrade who cheered and strengthened him through all the vicissitudes of his Chicago career.

Joseph H. Burtt of Chicago is directing a nation wide movement against gambling, started by the "Chicago Law and Order League," December 6, 1912. Twelve governors entered promptly into the campaign. The governor of Michigan has issued a proclamation through the newspapers of the state; the attorney general of Iowa has communicated with the state's attorney in each county of that state; Marshall Field and Company wrote the president of the league, setting forth the rules of their company; the grand chancellor of the Knights of Pythias investigated and found that twenty-three lodges in Illinois, out of five hundred and eighty-seven, were in the habit of permitting gambling in the lodge room. In sixty days all gambling was stopped without expelling a member or bringing charges against a lodge. The Independent Order of Oddfellows pledged the support of a hundred and twenty thousand members in Illinois in the fight against lawlessness. The Masons have taken it up and gambling has been dropped in the "Eastern Star," which is the woman's auxiliary of the order. It is shocking to learn from Mr. Burtt that the most difficult problem was to get the college men to take up the work and help stop gambling and lawlessness in and outside of all institutions of learning, but some of the alumni associations are taking hold of the work. The report sets forth "the three classes of people who were the last to take action in the movement against lawlessness, viz.: 1, indifferent college men; 2, easy going church people; 3, comfortable married women." UNITY takes great pleasure in commending the work led by Mr. Burtt. Long acquaintance with him enables us to speak confidently of the purity of his aim and the sagacity as well as intensity of his methods.

It may be, after all, that the hero of this generation, as declared by the verdict of history, will be Winston Spencer Churchill, first lord of the British Admiralty, for he has displayed the marvelous courage of challenging Germany, the great English bugaboo, to quit, with Great Britain, for one year, the wasteful extravagance of building dreadnaughts. He has made definite propositions to the German government that if Germany will only take a twelve months rest and hold back its contemplated two-battleship extravagance, England will suspend work on its four projected dreadnaughts. To quote his words as spoken in a great meeting at Manchester:

> If you will put off beginning to build your two ships for twelve months, we will put off in absolute good faith the building of our four ships for exactly the same period.
>
> If Great Britain and Germany take the lead, all the other great countries will follow suit, and they will all be just as great and as sound as if they had built the ships at present projected.
>
> If Austria and Italy do not build, the obligation would be removed from France and Great Britain, and the fact that the triple alliance (Germany, Austria and Italy) was

building no ships would make the proposal possible, without the slightest danger of risk.

Isn't it likely that so great and memorable event would produce an effect on the naval construction of the United States and Japan? Scores of millions of money would be rescued for the progress of mankind.

That is the proposal I make for the year 1914, or if that year is thought to be too near, for 1915.

Perhaps the high-water mark of Mr. Churchill's courage is still to be mentioned, when he declared himself "impervious to the objections which would be raised by armament firms here and in other countries. *They must be our servants and not our masters.*" (The italics are ours.) What an implication from the man at the head of the English navy! Are armament makers dictators to the powers of the world? Do the inspirations for battleships come from the makers of steel plate and cannon, because they have wares to sell?

Chicago can be trusted whenever a great cause rings its bell. A great opera house, opened for the purpose of expressing a protest against the atrocious libel that undertakes to convict an obscure workman, a humble Jew, of a ritual murder in far off Russia, was filled to overflowing long before the inconvenient hour of 2 o'clock was reached. Another theater was thrown open and as promptly filled. Had a third been available, it would have overflowed. The great crowds were made up of thoughtful men and women, the men largely predominating. They came to hear and think, and the slightest tendency to over noise, even in the way of applause, was promptly suppressed with a "sh—sh—" from the audience. It was a most cosmopolitan representation, both on the platform and in the audience. A Catholic judge presided, a Catholic governor of Illinois sent a ringing message. A Catholic priest spoke out of the heart most eloquent words of rebuke and denial. Two representatives of the colored race, one of them Booker T. Washington, spoke. It was no slight or oversight that gave the platform to but one Jew,—Dr. Hirsch—for the protest ought rightly to have come from the Gentile world. It was not Juadism but Christianity that was on trial. And yet not Christianity, as the speakers so often reiterated, but superstition and autocracy. Not the Greek Church, but Russian oligarchy and tyranny. Most of the speakers spoke at both halls. Among them were Father O'Callahan; Miss Jane Adams; Mr. Bridges, the new leader of the Ethical Society; Booker T. Washington; Dr. Hirsch, a representative of the city government, and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Graham Taylor of the Chicago Commons presented ringing resolutions at each place, which were adopted by a standing vote and sent to the State Department at Washington to be transmitted through official channels to the trial judge at Kiev.

A Noble Work; A Neglected Opportunity

A "noble work," is that carried on in Chicago under the name of the "Frederick Douglass Center." A "neglected opportunity," is the chance unused for men and women of wealth and influence to greatly increase the usefulness of that noble work by increasing its capacity for service and hospitality. For nearly nine years Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Woolley have elected to live at 3032 Wabash Avenue rather than in the cozy home in the more favored territory of Kenwood, that there might be established a meeting place for men and women who believe in fraternity, who are willing to stand together in the interest of social justice, and are ready to contend for a square deal and a fair show in the struggle of life, irrespective of color, race or creed. In spite of the inconveniences of an old-fashioned private residence, which yields reluctantly to the demands of a social center, the better class of colored people have found here for themselves and their children cultural and social advantages, which under present conditions are so meagerly provided. But more valuable than the classes in cooking, sewing, singing, etc., and the opportunities for colored people of culture to meet under refined and wholesome conditions, is the open platform here maintained, where in the presence of one another, representatives of the black and white races may discuss without bitterness or dogmatism fundamental questions, in the right solution of which they are mutually interested.

Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley, the directing genius of this Center, has brought to her work a broad culture, based on extensive reading, careful study and a wide experience. This has enabled her to repeatedly bring within the humble walls of this Center, not only the leading men and women of the city interested in civic advancement, but the prominent men and women of the nation have been welcomed here, they have not only given of their wisdom, but have gratefully enjoyed the fellowship and the social atmosphere with which the Head Resident has been able to invest the place.

Last Saturday evening witnessed one more of the many successful events of this kind. Had this gathering been held one block farther west on Michigan Avenue, and had the costumes been more elaborate and the complexions more monotonous, it would have been heralded by the newspapers as "a brilliant social event." As it was, it was a social as well as an intellectual triumph to convert the contracted rooms into a banquet hall that enabled seventy people to sit down comfortably to a toothsome meal, daintily served. How could she do it? And presto! the tables disappeared, and in the room that serves as dining hall, parlor, salon, etc., the seventy people sat down comfortably to a literary program that anywhere outside of the Frederick Douglass Center would not only have been

notable but very noticeable. The toastmaster was Dr. Hall, whose position as a physician is well established in Chicago, while as a leader of the colored race he is well known throughout the country. He presided with grace and had the wit and wisdom necessary for the occasion.

The honored guests of the evening were Robert E. Park and W. I. Thomas. The former, a Boston man, who has had several years' experience as a teacher and promoter of Tuskeegee. He was the traveling companion of Booker T. Washington in his Eureopean trip, and is now conducting a course of studies in the University of Chicago—three a week, that will run from October to January—on "The History and Progress of the Negro." The latter, Prof. W. I. Thomas of the University of Chicago, is the noted sociologist, author of "Sex and Society."

Prof. Park spoke of race prejudice as a fixed phase of society in certain stages of development, based on ignorance, fear and the rivalries of the world. He spoke as a scientist from the academic standpoint, awakening in his audience that state of mind which it is the function of science to engender,—deliberation, patience, hopefulness,—the attitude farthest removed from the passion and the excitement that seeks transient amelioration rather than permanent cure.

Professor Thomas gave a most illuminating account of the present situation of the Poles in Prussia, based upon recent first hand studies. He showed how the Poles, conquered in war, ignored and obliterated by national legislation, still,—in spite of the strong hand that undertakes to Germanize the Polish territory—are, by virtue of the discipline that comes from adversity, transforming Germans into Polacks. By legislation the German government is trying to colonize Germans in Polish territory, by hard work and intellectual alertness the reverse is being realized. The Poles are increasing their landed holdings. Professor Thomas, like Professor Park, spoke as a scientist. He did not force analogies but the audience could not fail to see the point and make application.

Miss Mary McDowell brought greetings to those in any way working to emphasize the fraternity that is international and inter-racial. And of course could not and should not have neglected the chance of direct appeal to the new voters to apply themselves to the civic problems, which at the present time, in the hands of Miss Mary McDowell, are epitomized in and around the garbage can.

The editor of UNITY, rejoiced in the name borne by the Center—Frederick Douglass—the first colored man to command the intellectual respect of the white man on both sides of the Atlantic. "Alas for a nation that forgets its annals!" Civilization has increasing need of shrines. He waited for the day when the government would become the possessor of Monticello, the beautiful home of Thomas Jefferson, the scholarly prophet of liberty. He pled for the rescuing of the home of Frederick Douglass, the Thomas Jefferson of the African race, that it might become a similar shrine, to be visited by the unborn children of coming generations. The government should add this to the many other historical shrines and attractions in the great capital, meanwhile private foresight and energy ought to save it.

After further forcible speaking by representatives of the race somber in color but buoyant in spirit, the closing word was uttered by Mrs. W. H. Wilmarth, the sage of the woman movement in Chicago.

This is the "noble work!" What is the "neglected opportunity?" An opportunity that only an optical defect, which besets the wealthy men and women of Chicago, has prevented them from seeing long before now. There is a common eye defect which renders near things obscure or invisible and makes only things at a distance appear in full form and in alluring proportions. Why should Mrs. Woolley be compelled to wound the feelings of many friends because there was not room for more than seventy? Why should she not have an assembly hall with the attendent conveniences that would give a chance to adequately represent and present this great opportunity?

Let not this opportunity, which amounts to a duty, be parried by the prosperous on the score of "so many good things to do," and "so many clamorous causes." The Frederick Douglass Center is not one of many, it is a unique undertaking, doing pioneer work on the picket line, and has the claim that belongs to those who are enduring the hardships and are exposed to the dangers of the advance guard. The skirmish line is a lonely place and the reserve corps neglect, at their peril, those who do their duty there.

AROUND THE HOUSE

Only an apple blossom,
  Only a hammock small;
Only a glint of sunshine
  Across the old stone wall.

Only a strain of music
  From the boughs above my head;
The birds, the boughs, and the blossoms,
  And a shower of pearl and red.

Only a baby laughing
  As she tripped across the lawn;
Her heart was full and joyous,
  And she carolled a happy song.

Only a face at the window
  Watching for one adored;
Only a step on the threshold
  And the greeting is assured.

Links in the chain of being;
  Symbols of Love Divine;
Glimpses of hidden meaning
  Between God's thought and mine.

—*E. E. M.*

THE PULPIT

The Story of Isaac A. Hourwich

Thirty-two years ago, Isaac A. Hourwich, a student in the University of St. Petersburg, was arrested and thrown into prison at the age of nineteen upon the charge of "political untrustworthiness." His accuser, an agent provocateur of the secret police, declared that the young man was a dangerous character, and produced in support of his accusation, the manuscript of an essay, entitled "What Is Constitutionalism?" which the prisoner had written and which had been found in his apartment. After spending some weeks in a solitary confinement cell of the House of Preliminary Detention, young Hourwich was brought before the Procurator of the Crown (Plehve, afterward Minister of the Interior) for examination. There was no evidence whatever to indicate that he had been engaged in a seditious conspiracy, or that a year's study in the University had made him a dangerous enemy of the State; but his passport showed that he was a Jew, and when a Jew, in Russia, begins to ask such questions as "What Is Constitutionalism?" it is time to put him in jail. Plehve, therefore, sent the youth back to the House of Preliminary Detention, where he might meditate on constitutionalism without imperiling autocracy.

A few months later, when the Liberal statesman Loris Melikof became Minister of the Interior, the case of the "politically untrustworthy" student was again taken up, and, after another examination, Hourwich was expelled from the University and sent back, in disgrace, to his native town of Minsk. Under such a government as Russia then had, it was practically impossible for an intelligent, thoughtful, and energetic young man to keep out of trouble long and in the latter part of 1881, Hourwich was arrested again—this time for organizing "Self-Improvement Circles" and reading to small assemblages of boys and girls Mill's essay on "Liberty," Buckle's "History of Civilization," and Professor Ivanykof's "Political Economy Since the Time of Adam Smith."

From an official point of view, the asking of such a question as "What Is Constitutionalism?" by a ninteen year old Jewish boy was dangerous enough: but the teaching of liberty, political economy, and the history of civilization to school children by the same boy was a menace to "social order and public tranquillity" which could not possibly be tolerated. Hourwich, therefore was sent by administrative process to western Siberia.

Russian political exiles, as a rule, do not allow enforced change of environment to serve as an excuse for discouragement or idleness. They may be arrested, imprisoned, and banished; but in the remote and often inhospitable regions to which they are sent they generally find something to do that is useful, if not pecuniarily profitable. Some study anthropology and compile grammars and dictionaries of little known native languages; some turn their attention to botany or geology; some collect traditions and folk-lore stories of the Samoyedes, the Kirghis, or the Buriates; and all work industriously at one thing or another. Hourwich, who at the time of his banishment was twenty-one years of age, made a painstaking and exhaustive study of Siberian immigration. In the course of the four years, that he spent as an exile in the province of Tobolsk, he interviewed twelve hundred families of Russian immigrants, as they passed through Yalutarfsk and Ishim on their way eastward, and obtained from them all possible information with regard to their economic condition in the widely scattered provinces from which they came; their reasons for leaving home; their pecuniary resources; and their food, expenses, sick rate, and mortality on the road. This information he sorted, arranged and embodied in a monograph entitled "Peasant Migration to Siberia," which was subsequently published in the Juridical Messenger of Moscow, and was characterized by the Russian expert Kaufman as "one of the most serious and profound investigations ever made of the emigration question"—and this was the work of a boy hardly more than twenty-one years of age, who had only twelve months of university training.

In 1885, after four years and eight months of imprisonment and exile, Hourwich was permitted to return to his home. His chief aim was to complete his interrupted education; but all the State Universities required a certificate of "political trustworthiness" from the police, and this he could not obtain on account of his "criminal" record. He soon ascertained, however, that in the Demidof Juridical Lyceum of Yaroslaw there was no such requirement; and, proceeding to that ancient Russian town, he entered as a student in the twenty-fifth year of his age. Great natural capacity and untiring industry enabled him to complete the four-year Lyceum course in two years, and in 1887 he took his final examination, received his degree and was admitted to the bar. Returning to Minsk, he opened an office and began the practice of the law.

Early in the year of 1890 the life of this talented young Russian Jew suddenly became complicated with mine. I had never seen him nor even heard of him, but the inscrutable fate who stands by with our *dramatis personae* in her hand, while we imagine that we are choosing acquaintance for ourselves, made me not only an unconscious actor in the drama of his life, but a powerful influence in the shaping of his future career. It happened in this way.

Late in the year of 1889 the French police, acting upon information furnished by an agent provocateur from St. Petersburg, arrested in Paris a half dozen Russian refugees upon the charge of conspiracy to assassinate the ruler of a friendly state. Among the letters found in their apartments were a number from a Russian landed proprietor named Foinitski. An investigation of the latter's record showed that he was a "politically untrustworthy" person, and that, in going back and forth between St. Petersburg and his estate, he had made a practice of stopping in Minsk to see young Hourwich. It was at once assumed that Foinitski and Hourwich were implicated in the plot said to have been discovered in Paris, and orders were issued to search their apartments, and put them both under

arrest. Hourwich happened at the time to be in St. Petersburg on business. Just as he was about to return to his home, he received a telegram from a friend in Minsk warning him that the police had made a search of his home. It was then that his life began to be affected by mine. We had never seen each other, and I was not even aware that a man named Hourwich lived; but when the search was ordered I suddenly became a menace to his liberty and his career. My "Century" articles on "Siberia and the Exile System" had just been translated in German, and a copy of them in book form had been sent to Hourwich by a friend. This copy he had left in his house, where the police could hardly fail to discover it. Possession of such a volume, added to a record of imprisonment and exile for previous "untrustworthiness," would be reason enough for another arrest, and perhaps for a second term of banishment. If he had not imprudently left "Siberia and the Exile System" in his library at Minsk when he started for St. Petersburg, the search would not have prevented his return, because he had no other compromising literature, and there was no reason even to imagine that his acquaintance with Foinitski had connected him with an alleged plot in Paris of which he had never so much as heard. My book, however, was enough to make a return to Minsk perilous, and, after a few hours' reflection, Hourwich decided to abandon his country and seek refuge and safety in America. Getting together what little money he could, he made his escape through Finland and Sweden, and early in 1890 landed, almost penniless, in New York.

A foreigner who is not accustomed to manual labor, and who has no influential friends, finds it very difficult at first to earn a living in such a city as New York; but Hourwich was no weakling, and, taking lodgings with a Jewish apothecary named Wollman, on the East Side, he attacked the problem of self-support with cheerful courage and with an almost unlimited capacity for steady, patient labor. He edited a Yiddish newspaper at a salary of eight dollars a week; established a Russian newspaper named Progress, which brought him in six dollars a week; gave lectures to the Jewish population of the East Side at three dollars per lecture; and devoted every spare hour that he had to the study of the English language. Although I had been mainly responsible for his flight from Russia, I had never seen him, nor become aware of his existence; but Dr. Wollman, the Jewish apothecary with whom he was living in New York, had brought a letter of introduction to me, some months before, from the exiled Russian novelist Machtet, and through Wollman I made the acquaintance of Hourwich. The latter, at that time, was about thirty years of age, and impressed me as a man of character and cultivation. He had been studying English only three months, and had made such progress that he had little difficulty in carrying on any ordinary conversation. French and German he had learned in Russia.

He had already begun to think of writing for American periodicals, and in order to help him in the realization of this ambition I gave him a note of introduction to Walter H. Page, who was then editing Forum. Six months later that periodical published an admirable article on "The Condition of the Jews in Russia," which Hourwich had written nine months after he arrived in New York. For this article he received one hundred and fifty dollars, a sum that was very helpful to him at that stage of his American career. About the same time he translated for Harper's Weekly a number of Siberian stories from Orfanof's "Afar;" obtained a certificate authorizing him to teach the English language in the public schools of the East Side; and then wrote for the Political Science Quarterly an article on "The Russian Judiciary," which in style and matter was almost a model of what such an article should be. During all of this time he was hard at work preparing himself for a post-graduate course in one of our higher educational institutions. In 1891, a little more than a year after his flight from Rissia, he was awarded a fellowship in Columbia, and in 1892 that university conferred upon him the degree of Ph.D. His doctor's thesis was entitled "The Economics of the Russian Village," a work which was soon published in book form, and which was described by a competent Russian critic as "almost the first attempt that has been made to treat, theoretically and statistically, the social and economic conditions of Russian village life."

Having obtained by this time a fair working knowledge of the English language, Hourwich sought and obtained a position as privatdocent in the University of Chicago, and proceeded to study American law while he gave lectures to a large class of students on statistics and economics. Among his pupils was Charles R. Crane, afterward nominated as Minister to China, and still later prominent as a candidate for the position of Ambassador to Russia. In 1895, after having been admitted to the bar, Hourwich resigned his position in the Chicago University, returning to New York, and began the practice of the law. As his clients were mostly foreigners of small means on the East Side, he did not find his business interesting or profitable enough to satisfy him, and would have been surprised, perhaps if it had. In 1900 with a view of obtaining a foothold in the Treasury Department in Washington, he took a competitive examination for the position of translator in the Bureau of the Mint. As he then spoke four or five languages, he had no difficulty, of course, in securing the place. His knowledge of economics, statistics, and European tariffs soon attracted the attention of Secretary Gage, and when, a year or two later, the question of putting a countervailing duty on Russian beet sugar came up, Hourwich, as a Russian lawyer and a tariff expert, wrote the opinion upon which the Secretary based his decision. The imposition of the duty led to a tariff war with Russia, as well as to protracted litigation in this country; but in the end Hourwich's opinion was sustained by the United States Supreme Court. The Russian Minister of the Interior had been informed that the author of the opinion which determined the action of the United States in the sugar case was the same man who had been ex-

iled to Siberia for reading Buckle and Mill to "self-improvement circles" in Minsk.

In 1902 Hourwich resigned his position as translator in the Bureau of the Mint, and secured more congenial and more profitable employment as expert on mining statistics in the Census Bureau. His life during the next ten years was filled with useful work. Upon the completion of the Twelfth Census he became statistician of the Public Service Commission of New York; wrote more or less on Russian subjects for American periodicals; defended successfully nearly all the political refugees whose extradition from the United States or Canada was sought by the Russian Government; and, finally, in 1909, went back to the Census Bureau as Chief of the Division of Mining. This position he continued to hold until the spring of 1913, when he resigned in order to become chairman of the Committee on Mediation and Arbitration for the garment workers of New York, under the so-called "protocol of peace."

It is an interesting and noteworthy fact that although Hourwich has devoted most of his life to statistics, economics, and law, his earliest work and his latest work, relate to immigration. At the age of twenty-one, while still an exile in Siberia, he made his first study of that subject, and at the age of fifty-one he returned to it, and has just published in New York a most comprehensive and enlightening volume entitled, "Immigration and Labor," in which an attempt is made to ascertain how and to what extent immigration from Europe has affected wages, unemployment and standards of living in the United States. The Russian expert Kaufman described Hourwich's "Peasant Migration to Siberia" as "one of the most serious and profound investigations ever made of the emmigration question." The American expert is likely to use the same words in describing "Immigration and Labor"—the latest work of the same author.

—*Geo. Kennan.*

From the Jewish Criterion.

PICKLED PEOPLE

If there were no pickled people in this country of the free, what a fine upstanding country these United States would be. Half the jails might be abolished and upon the poorhouse door there would be a sign announcing, "Nothing doing any more." And the cops might safely slumber all night long upon their beats, and there'd be no homeless pilgrims finding lodgings in the streets and but few would ever perish on the creaking gallows tree, if there were no pickled people in this country of the free. If there were no pickled people, homes now full of grief and woe would be glad with song and laughter, as they were long, long ago, ere Tired Father took to placing crimson tints upon his beak, ere he handed to the brewers all his earnings of the week. And a million weary women might forsake the tubs and suds, and a million ragged children might be wearing handsome duds, and a million useless loafers might be busy as the bee, if there were no pickled people in this country of the free. Half the sorrow and the trouble in this weary world of ours comes from tall and brimming flagons, sparkling wines and whisky sours; what a brighter, better present, what a future we might see, if there were no pickled people in this country of the free.

—*Walt Mason.*

My Library—No. 1.

The actual beginnings of My Library were certainly "simple" enough to be strictly in accordance with all the other circumstances of my early life. It was a day in which money was not so universally given to children to spend for themselves as now, and I knew from the first that, if my wishes were to be realized, it must be quite exclusively owing to my own planning and effort. At first the case seemed hopeless enough; but when a chance suggestion came that I might possibly make a book for myself, if only I could get the requisite material, hope and expectation began a celestial flight from which they have never rested.

As I understood it, I must first get for a proper foundation for my proposed volume a cast-out, leather-bound "ledger," which was to be secured from some accommodating merchant, located I scarcely knew where. Setting out upon this quest one day, and finding nothing suitable in the near-by villages, I finally hied me away to the more distant city, where I trudged up and down its hot streets for hours, to ask of many a more or less incredulous merchant or clerk something that would do; but only to discover that in nowise could I make it possible for anyone to become interested enough in my wonderful plan to accommodate me. That this cooled my ardour almost fatally was not at all unnatural; that my consequent desperation became correspondingly tragic, I distinctly remember. In truth, I know not what would have happened, had I not at last conceived the idea that the common coarse brown paper, such as was then used for doing up packages of groceries, meats, etc., could be made to do, if only I could develop the requisite skill. Of course the resulting book was crude enough; but not so crude as ever to require being destroyed or entirely rejected; for, stored away from ordinary and perhaps condemning vision, it still, upon occasion, serves to bring back some of the very best days of old, and something also of the most inspiring good cheer that then sustained me in this as well as in so many other of my youthful undertakings. Nor am I loth to add also, that I am still not a little proud of the contents of this my "first book;" for, strange as it may seem, I still find most of them quite as worth while as they seemed to be at that early day. Undoubtedly this is owing to the fact that even so early as the time of its conception and making I had become not only a constant reader of our local newspaper but a regular subscriber to the Semi-Weekly edition of the *New York Tribune,* whose pages, together with those of my grandmother's beloved *Examiner and Chronicle* (Baptist), from which I clipped quite as regularly, thus opportunely furnished me with not only many articles and poems that were actually worth preserving, but especially with numerous book reviews, which served very acceptably as my only sources of information concerning the important matters discussed in them, as well as to introduce to my attention many a name and book that have remained most useful acquaintances ever since.

Even now I find the habit then formed of looking at book notices first and longest, coming back to me, whenever I take in hand a periodical that is likely to have such as are worth reading; while often the book itself thus introduced has subsequently been purchased,

as a matter of course; a fact that leads me, not only to express my appreciation of the wisdom and veracity of the more capable reviewer, but to affirm emphatically that in his better judgment and taste I have not very often been seriously disappointed.

After my first venture in the making of "scrap-books," I soon proceeded to make successively out of old "Reports" of various sorts, others of the kind, which have proved to be even more interesting than the first one, and have served also very especially as revealing indexes of the growth of my real selfhood, during the period when growths of every kind appeared to be by strides rather than by steps. Some of the contents of these books, such as a series of letters from various points in Europe, particularly Greece and Rome, by the Hon. Ellis H. Roberts, then a member of Congress, and afterwards United States Treasurer, whom I learned to know personally about that time, are still not less useful than interesting; a fact which leads me to think that no one who has any care for things of the mind whatever, can very well afford to neglect the uses of these humble repositories of current literature, no matter how well informed, or how well furnished with other reference books, or how well provided with standard volumes of every other kind, he may otherwise be. Indeed, few steps in the development of my own mental history stand out more conspicuously than those associated with and perhaps resulting from just such enterprises as the making of scrap-books.

In time, the making of scrap-books led very naturally to the making of something even more important still, namely, note-books. Into these I began thus early also to put whatever of fugitive idea and fact, that otherwise would have been lost, that seemed most worth while. And many times since then has it been proven that in almost no other way can the needs of the everyday psychical life be more quickly and more surely met, than by the making and subsequent frequent using of all such "home-made" volumes. In the end, it certainly is the books with which we are most familiar that really serve and influence us the more vitally and permanently. To read a truly valuable item or article and then fasten it or the substance of it securely for all time, is worth all the bother, as well as every expenditure of time and energy.

Speaking of scrap-books and note-books brings to mind another home-made volume, which, somewhat later, grew out of the fact that I chanced to make the acquaintance of the late Dr. Asa Fitch, for so long time Entomologist for the State of New York, and then widely noted for the useful work he had already done. Dr. Fitch's modest, sweet personality impressed me so deeply, that I at once set to work to get all of his "Reports on the Insects of New York," then incorporated in bulky volumes containing every other sort of reportable matter, that I could, and, after stripping them from their associations, to have them bound in a single tome, which I still possess with becoming joy. Outcome of hero-worship though it was, I am glad to find, as I once more think back upon that long ago time and remember the pure strong face that prompted it, that just such a worship springs up once more in my warm-remembering heart, although undoubtedly with not quite the absolute devotion that my earliest enthusiasm prompted. Even the warmest hearts will grow a little sere and quiet, as the so frequently repeated frosting of the years ripen, if not harden, them!

I can see it now, perhaps more plainly than I did then, the soft haze of an early autumn day, when the post brought my first important present of a book from someone outside my home, which of course gave an impetus to the realization of My Library scheme as opportune as it was strong. And I remember quite as vividly the work I was doing at the moment and all its growing forbiddingness, as well as the depth of dissatisfaction which my meager soul had been discovering, as it had been slowly expanding with the succeeding months, and had now become almost vocal with definiteness and insistence. The pathos of youth, successively noting vague revelations of its own perhaps nobler self, in the midst of surroundings that hedge it in not more closely than discouragingly, has never yet been fully enough or well enough written; and I surmise that only the spirit of an infinite comprehension would be capable of doing it with anything like even the savor of truth. The "growing pains" of the body are slight indeed compared with the pains of mental and spiritual expansion, as realized by the youth who as yet seeing little of the need of them, gets but most meager encouragement, if any, by way of explanation of either their necessity or their high uses.

The package came unexpectedly, and what was more interesting still, with no sign by which to identify the sender. But it was real, nevertheless, and proved once for all to be the source of joys unspeakable, as well as promotive of all high gratitude and aspiration. And when a beautiful copy of Dr. J. G. Holland's "Kathrina" was disclosed, a book that as yet I had never heard of, the very heavens seemed to open in the midst of the old farm, and a glory never heretofore noted to envelop and permeate it all, as I so excitedly yet so guardedly turned the rich pages, and felt them revealing the supreme fact that someone, although unguessed, had really thought thus well of me and wished me such happiness. No one can ever know how often the volume has served since then to practically energise incidental impulses for doing a similar good, which might otherwise have resulted in nothing to myself or to others. I trust the giver failed not to realize to the full, all the worth of dear Charles Lamb's declaration about the exquisite pleasure of doing a good deed by stealth and having it found out by accident, even though I still remain so entirely ignorant as to the identity of my so opportune comforter and inspirer.

My next present of a book, not long after, was a compact little copy of Bunyan's "Pilgrim," quite probably sent by the same hand that had given me "Kathrina." And just here I was to experience one of the paradoxes so common in the workings of my very human nature, and so inexplicable, as well. I was inexpressibly glad to receive it, surely; besides, had I not learned that this was the very first book purchased by Benjamin Franklin; and have I not since known of its praise by all the wise and good, and its being the great joy and helper of multitudes? Have I not also seen people who have most enthusiastically confessed its quite supernatural influence for good, as well? Besides, was I not overjoyed again to think that someone had again thought of me so kindly? Nevertheless, as I then attempted to read it, I soon got, not only to dis-

like the book, but almost to wish that the giver had not sent it; and, as I must strangely confess, my earliest impressions have never entirely yielded to renewed attempts to get better ones, even though I have a number of times tried most faithfully to do this, through reading it in one of the later and better editions, which I dare say deservedly abound. As a sort of duty to myself, I still retain this old classic, and am glad to do so; but I still await the day when I can unreservedly say I really care to read it, except in obedience to a curiosity much more literary, I fear, than religious. It may be that Bunyan is really all he has been said to be, and more; but I must still let others say it, until such time, at least, as my spirit, too, shall see plainly enough to be able to grasp and retain its real significance—until, most probably, the very obviousness of its matter-of-fact personages shall happily show forth a spiritual significance as yet quite unopened to me. Mr. Worldly Wiseman, Mr. Legality, the Evangelist, the Interpreter, Neighbor Faithful, Doubting Castle, Slough of Despond, and all the rest, are undoubtedly verisimilitudes that cannot be gainsaid; but their "originals" in daily life have so frequently and so thoroughly engaged my attention, and so interestingly thus far, that the book personages have been perhaps altogether too seriously obscured or depreciated by contrast, and consequently have assumed much too small an importance in my mind.

Utica, N. Y. SMITH BAKER.

Correspondence

As to Truth

My friend of other days, presumably my friend of these later days, Dr. J. G. Townsend, does not appear to me to be as firm of foot as usually he is, in his dissent from Alden and Bergson on the point of "the discovery of truth." If he had conceded to these philosophers that the "heart," or "intuition" is *one* means of arriving at truth, and contended that there are other roads to the same desired goal, I, at least, would not ask the court to note an exception. But when he waxes bold and affirms that "knowledge comes in only one way, by the method of science, philosophy and history, by search, comparison, analysis and influence, classified by the severest criticism," I think he takes up a position that cannot be maintained.

Our knowledge comes to us in many ways: truth is arrived at by various routes. I am not concerned to insist with Alden and Bergson that religious or spiritual truth is acquired through intuition, as an exclusive method, pertaining to that form of truth alone. The position I would prefer to take, is, that there are many doors opening from the soul into the vast realm of knowledge. Sometimes she steps through one, sometimes through another. Even if it were asserted that the *unification* of truth "came only in one way"—a more tenable proposition—I must still refuse my assent.

The mind *looks* more really than the eye; and as "seeing is believing," the larger part of all we know is the product of vision. Feeling also plays a large part in our acquisitions. It is only as we rise into certain, perhaps unusual, temperatures, that "the truth" as to many profoundly important facts and interests becomes accessible by us. Our stock of knowledge, our possessions of truth or reality, have more often not been subjected to the processes of scientific analysis, comparison, unification, than otherwise. We secured our title to them by acquaintance, experience, endeavor; in the course of which they disclosed themselves to us, and we are as certain of them as we could be by mathematical demonstration. Life is the great teacher.

If it is safe to affirm that we know anything, our knowledge of the manner of spirit certain persons with whom we are familiar are of, is among our certainties. We did not come by that knowledge "by the method of science, philosophy and history." What is true of those of us who have some acquaintance with that method is so much more true of people generally! Shall we say that they do not really know? We may accept as literal prose the exclamation of Tennyson

"Behold we know not anything,"

absolutely. But the limitation would apply to the parts of our knowledge derived from the "method of science, philosophy and history" as remorselessly as to the other parts. The logical maxim, it is difficult to prove as universal, fits this case precisely.

The importance of a liberal conception of the principle by which truth is gained lies in this, to my mind: That the number of persons who are capable of applying the method marked out by Dr. Townsend as the one only way, must always be small; while, in a matter like religion, the number that have need of the secret, is a practically unlimited host.

St. Lawrence University, Canton, N. Y. I. M. A.

Can Social Work Become Economic?

In the various lines of our social effort we come to a realization that an appeal for help must be made to the business men. They, with the backing of the conservers of their interests—the bankers—really dominate the life of a community. Whether the effort is in education, church, charity or civic betterment, those who control the economic resources determine the issue.

Business men know the value of combination, they know the effectiveness of united purpose and of solidarity in administration. They know their power. But when commercial combination is carried to the point of disregard for the human element then a psychic force breaks their potency until the "social workers" alleviate the situation and help to restore "big business" control in the industrial world. Are not the social workers in reality the agents of the business men? Are they economically in a position to act independently of them?

Our social work thus far has been through parasitical media, perhaps because they are pleasanter and easier. To work for human betterment on a strictly economic basis is no doubt the most difficult task in the world. Yet there is evidence that we are tending in that direction. "Organization" is now the watchword of social effort; we need but to carry this a step farther to make it economic. We need to put our organized effort for social justice right into the most vital manifestation of human energy—industry. We need to become industrial workers.

Have we the courage to cast aside "professionalism," "comfortable living," "social standing," all

those things leading to parasitism? Can we, instead use our energy and intelligence in business enterprises which will involve and evolve principles of right conduct, principles of humanity, principles of true charity? If industrial conditions are then not right we are to blame and we do not have to seek for financial assistance outside of ourselves, nor do we have to resort to coercive legislation; we need to put our own house in order. There is at hand an economic plan which would well serve our purpose, the "co-operative" system of production and distribution. Where this system has operated successfully it has democratized business, placing in the hands of those who create it a share in its benefits. In such a plan there is no element of parasitism, no patronage, no subserviency—there is fair opportunity for all and in a spirit of social equality. By entering into co-operation of this kind could we not make our social work economic? Is there any line of our present reform effort which we could not transform into business enterprise? Would we not in this way serve society more directly?

GRACE PUTNAM POLLARD.

The Study Table

More Books

From *Macmillans* I have Robert Herrick's "His Great Adventure." I think this by all odds the best book Herrick has given us. It has contents worth careful reading. The characters are considerably more than interesting, and I should like to hear more of "Melody." The story is what you might call up to date in handling capitalistic questions, but it is sane and wholesome. I do not know that we can ask anything more for the common novel than these two things—sanity and sweetness. The program or plot is on the face of it unnatural; but Herrick shows his power in bringing it into harmony with human life. I like the book.

From the same house I am also in receipt of "The Meaning of Evolution." This book is original and valuable in its arrangement and summing up of evolutionary history. I like it immensely. It has in it quite a little of the old theology flavor, possibly a little that we might call credulity; if it be called credulity it is the emotional side that lives; the statement of facts is unflinchingly scientific. It gives us a fair sprinkling of very useful illustrations. Its contents are very difficult for a reviewer to bring under consideration. I should like to have those who are studying "Our Heredity from God,"—and I am glad to know so many still are,—use this book in a supplementary way. When I wrote that book, De Vries had not published his investigations, neither had Prof. Cope finished his magnificent work; and we knew very little about Weissman. There is a good account given of these men and their work in this volume, and there is an interesting chapter on the future evolution of man—reaching over into a new field of moral effort (suggested by Darwin, but at that day impossible). The *terrible* topic of sex in social life and in ethics is to be studied in our schools, no doubt. I believe, however, the Catholics are nearer right in making it an obligation of the church to attend to the morals of the young. The author scatters all through his pages very practical questions; such as the unbalancing of conditions by the introduction of English sparrows, or a new caterpillar. This makes the volume of importance to farmers. It hardly seems possible that evolution must yet be an argumentative question. If we did not descend in the mammalian line, how did we get here? Just trace man back, and see where he did come from. A mighty poor job for a god to make out of hand, unless we excuse it on the score of making something from nothing. Nothing remains, too frequently. One of our best authors has shown us recently that a degenerate is as likely to come from over cultivating as from poor heredity.

Open Court has given us recently some remarkable numbers. Read the article in September on "The International Institute of China," something quite akin to our own Congress of Religion, and both issuing from, and originating in the Religious Parliament of 1893. Since Thomas and Jones and Hirsch and Jordan, with a few more of us, trod firmly on a platform of evolution in religion, hooted then by the Creation school, the world has evolved with astounding assertiveness; not only in this country but everywhere. Come on, brothers in China! We are all Children of One Life; and we ought to be all working together for divine ends—in India and China and South Africa, as well as among the bigoted and backward sects of North America—possibly the most benighted of all as to spiritual life and truth.

The Country Gentleman is giving us a set of excellent articles on Western country life. Better read them. It is remarkable how many different phases of country life are growing up; all to be blended in one great scientific American land-life. It is a narrow life every way that pinches itself into a city; and the bigger the city, the tighter the pinch.

From *Henry Holt & Company* I have "The Jews of Today," by Dr. Arthur Ruppin. Readers of UNITY, and members of the Congress of Religion, do not need an introduction to the advanced Jews and their work. There is, however, a great deal going on among these cousins of ours which is very interesting as well as helpful. If we meet Dr. Hirsch at the Congress we are likely to hear a good deal of what that is. Perhaps the most remarkable is the adoption of cosmopolitan culture by the Jews, and the decreasing influence of religion. We might all well adopt the Jews into the great Aryan family, and give over to them our culture, per se. The book has, however, enough that is novel in it to make anyone read it with avidity. I hardly know of a recent volume touching the race question, with more force and originality, but with scholarship of the most precise character.

E. P. POWELL.

Arnold Bennett says: "Bad novels ought not to be read, and good novels never demand any appreciable mental application on the part of the reader."

The best novels involve the least strain. . . . Imaginative poetry produces a far greater mental strain than novels. . . . It is the highest form of literature. It yields the highest form of pleasure and teaches the highest form of wisdom.

Herbert Spencer's "First Principles" is the most majestic production of any mind. . . . The great convenience of masterpieces is that they are so astonishingly lucid."

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

PULPIT TOPICS

The following course of sermon-studies will be delivered by Jenkin Lloyd Jones at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, on the Sunday mornings indicated, beginning at 11 a. m. The public are cordially invited.

The Eternally-Womanly

Six typical women, each representing fundamental elements in womanhood, reaching down to sub-sexual foundations and up into the eternally human.

"All things transitory
But as symbols are sent;
Earth's insufficiency
Here grows to event;
The indescribable,
Here it is done:
The woman-soul leadeth us
upward and on!"

From GOETHE'S "Faust,"
Bayard Taylor's translation.

Nov. 9. Rizpah—Primal Motherhood.
Nov. 16. Boadicea—The Woman Militant.
Nov. 23. Hypatia—The Woman Sage.
Nov. 30. St. Monica—The Woman Saint.
Dec. 7. Joan of Arc—The Woman Inspired.
Dec. 14. Susannah Wesley—The Modern Woman.

GENERAL CONFERENCE OF UNITARIAN AND OTHER CHRISTIAN CHURCHES.

(Continued.)

The Wednesday morning (October 8) conference was devoted to an address on "A Reasonable Faith," by Rev. Howard N. Brown, King's Chapel, Boston, and a special report on "Methods of Ordination of Ministers," presented by Rev. Earl Morse Wilbur of Berkeley, Cal. Both address and report provoked much interesting discussion. Mr. Brown defined "a reasonable faith" as one based upon intelligence and knowledge, governed by reason and shot through with the enthusiasms of the spirit, and his elucidation of his theme was masterly. The discussion turned mainly upon the relative influence of mind and heart in determining such a faith. Rev. Albert R. Vail of Urbana, Ill., contended eloquently and with poetic fervor for the to him essential element of feeling, sensibility, emotional religious experience, in larger measure than is commonly expressed among Unitarians, claiming that these were vital elements in any faith which mightily controlled the individual soul life. Rev. John M. Wilson of Lexington, Mass., laid far greater emphasis upon calmness and judgment applied to the facts of the universe and human experience, and believed that the healthy enthusiasms of the religious life would grow naturally from a religious conviction based upon such facts. So ably were the two views presented that the sympathy of the listener was apt to be temperamental rather than judicial,—and yet, all things considered, is there not greater need of Mr. Vail's point of view? Are not Unitarians somewhat excessively given over to the "calmness of judgment" rather than the "emotions of the heart," in matters religious?

The special feature of Wednesday afternoon was a delightful trip to Niagara Falls and around the Gorge, including the best view of the cataract from the Canadian side and of the whirlpool rapids from the American side. The sky was blue, the background of foliage everywhere gorgeous with autumn colors. Standing on the Canadian side, immediately above the falls, the American falls and "Bridal Veil" were seen through a rainbow span quite three-quarters of a circle, wonderfully brilliant, the whole a panorama of exquisite beauty. One other picture of unusual loveliness (even at the falls) was revealed when the party stood on Goat Island Lookout. On the left, the great river poured its mighty flood over the curve of the "Horse Shoe" in such volume and depth that at its heart it was deep sea green, yet shaded into the tender hues of young maple leaves in spring as it plunged into the white depths below, while on the right the lesser falls leaped laughing and gay over the brink, breaking into billows of curling, climbing, foam and veils of delicate lacy fretwork, perpetually changing yet ever the same, interwoven and shot through with opalescent color —so entrancing was it all that one strove to see it with the eyes of the spirit that it might remain always "a joy forever."

As we sped back to other conference meetings even "old timers" at Niagara paid the tribute of "the most perfect view in my experience!"

The evening session was devoted to a threefold discussion of the topic, "Liberalism, the Religion of Democracy," by Rev. Arthur L. Weatherley, Lincoln, Neb., Rev. Robert J. Hutcheon, Toronto, Can., Rev. Charles F. Dole, D. D., Boston, Mass. Mr. Weatherley said that the religion of opportunity, which is the religion of democracy, is the religion of today and tomorrow.

To discover the applications of the law of democracy to life should be the aim of the church, he said. It should teach that to obtain the holy of holies every man must lay aside all claims for special privilege or advantage over his brother man. To escape the wrath of God the old religion built great cathedrals and noble piles. The new religion will be represented in the symbols of democracy such as the home, the school, the shop and the state.

"The great joy of the religion of democracy," he said, "is that it reveals to man the unlimited stores of energy at his command. It shows him his power to do and to be, to shape and to control the future."

"Men must be taught that in the aspiration for the holy of holies they must lay aside every claim to special privilege. The religion of tomorrow will have no other terms than those of democracy. It will be a religion of equal opportunity, revealing to man unlimited stores of energy and giving him the power to do and create."

Mr. Hutcheon, who, by the way, has recently been appointed to a professorship in the Meadville Theological School, held that the religion of democracy need not necessarily be a new one, because the passions and feelings of the human race always have remained the same.

"Sorrow and calamity make brothers of the savage, feudalist, aristocrat and democrat," he said. "The need of the human spirit is essentially the same.

"Nevertheless, democracy has some particular needs of its own. Democracy undertakes the task of raising all people to the standards of self-government, and in order to accomplish this task, the greatest ever undertaken by mankind, religion must continually renew the faith that this high ideal can be accomplished.

"Democracy rests on a state of mind —an idealism which religion must keep afire. Once this state of mind goes, democracy must go. It rests with the liberal churches to build up life on this "new spiritual basis." These, he said, by their very nature were best adapted to this mission—untrammeled by creed, dogma or method, they were free to conserve the vital truths of all faiths, present and past, relating to the revelations and life of today.

Dr. Dole set forth the thesis that

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democracy in government is the product and natural growth of free religious thought.

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"Democracy needs what a free and genuine religion tends to produce—a certain type of men and women with the qualities which perpetuate free and equal government.

"True democracy is not a system of government opposed to aristocracy. It does not mean that one man is as good as another. It means government by the best and highest men and women who, while they possess other necessary qualities, also are embued with the spirit of religion."

Dr. Dole closed his address with a plea for tolerance and one religion containing the vital elements of all religions.

"I do not mean an exclusive religion relying on one great master, but a comprehensive and sympathetic religion which reveres all the heroes, masters and saints of every people—Buddah, Isaiah, Jesus, St. Francis, Abraham Lincoln, John Wesley, Theodore Parker and others.

(To be continued.)

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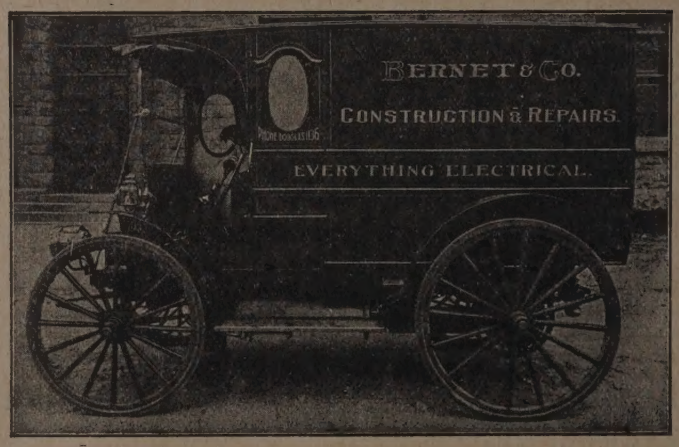

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